

A mery play

betwene Johan Johan the
husbande / Tyb his
wyfe / a s^r Jhan
the prest.

Johan Johan the husbande.

God spede you maysters euerychone
Woe ye not whither my wyfe is gone
I pray god the dyuell take her
For all that I do I can not make her
But she wyll go a gaddinge very myche
Lyke an Anthony pyg with an olde wyche
Whiche ledeth her about hyther and thither
But by our lady I wote not whither
But by gogga blod. Were she come home
Vnto this my house / by our lady of crome
I wolde bete her or that I drynke
Bete her qd a : yea that she shall synke
And at euery stroke lay her on the grounde
And trapne her by the herte about the house rounde
I am euen mad that I bete her not now
But I shall rewarde her hardly well ynowe
There is neuer a wyfe betwene heuen and hell
Whiche was euer beten halfe so well
Beten qd a : yea but what and she therof dye
Than I may chaunce to be hanged shortly
And whan I haue beten her tyll she smoke
And gyven her many a .C. stroke
Thynke ye that she wyll amende yet
Nay by our lady the deuyll spede wyte
Therefore I wyll not bete her at all
And shall I not bete her / no shall

And he pett not her house, as her durtie is
Shall I not bete her if she do so
Yes by cockles blood that shall I do
I shall bete her and thwak her I trow
That she shall besorte the house for very wo
But yet I thynke what my neybour wyl say than
He wyl say thus, whom chyddest y Johan Johan
Mary wyl I say, I chydde my curst wyfe
The verrest drab that euer bare lyfe
Whiche doth nothyng but go and come
And I can not make her kepe her at home
Than I thynke he wyl say by and by
Wakke her cote Johan Johan, and bete her hardely
But than vnto hym myn answer shalbe
The more I bete her the worse is she
And wors and wors make her I shall
He wyl say than, bete her not at all
And why shall I say, this wolde he wylst
Is she not myne to chastice as I lyst
But this is a nother poynt, worst of all
The folk wyl moche me, whan they here me brall
But for all that shall I let therfore
To chastyce my wyfe euer the more
And to make her at home for to tary
Is not that well done, yes by saynt mary
That is a poynt of an honest man
For to bete his wyfe well now and than
Therefore I shall bete her, haue ye no drede
And I ought to bete her tyll she be starke dede
And why, by god bicause it is my pleasure
And if I shulde suffice her, I make you sure
Nought shulde puaile me, nother stasse nor waster
Within a whyle she wolde be my mayster
Therefore I shall bete her by cockles mother
Both on the one syde and on the tother
Before and behynde, nought shall be her bote
From the top of the herd, to the sole of the fote
But masters for godde sake do not entrete
For her, whan that she shalbe bete
But for godde passion let me alone
And I shall thwak her that she shall gone
Wherfore I beseeche you and hartely you pray
And I beseeche you say me not nay

But that I may beate her for this ones
 And I shall beate her by cokkes bones
 That she shall styrke lyke a pole hat
 But yet by gogge body that nede nat
 For she wyll styrke without any betyng
 For eury nyght ones she gyueth me an hetyng
 From her issueth suche a styrkyng smoke
 That the sauour thereof almost doth me choke
 But I shall bete her now without fayle
 I shall bete her toppe and taple
 Deed/shoulders/ armes/ legges/ and all
 I shall bete her I trove that I shall
 And by gogge boddy I tell you trewe
 I shall bete her tyll she be blacke and blewe
 But where the dyuell trove ye she is gon
 I holde a noble she is with s^r Johan
 I fere I am begyled alway
 But yet in fayth I hope well nay
 Yet I almost entage that I ne can
 Se the behauour of our gentyl woman
 And yet I thynke thyrther as she doth go
 Many an honest wyfe goth thyrther also
 For to make some pastyme and spote
 But than my wyfe so ofte doth thyrther resorte
 That I fere she wyll make me weace a fether
 But yet I nede not for to fere nether
 For he is her gossyp that is he
 But abyde a while yet let me se
 Where the dyuell hath our gossyp begon
 My wyfe had neuer chyldre doughter nor son
 Nowe if I forbede her that she go no more
 Yet wyll she go as she dyd before
 Or els wyll she chuse some other place
 And then the matter is in as yll case
 But in fayth all these wordes be in wast
 For I thynke the matter is done and past
 And whan she cometh home she wyll begyn to chydre
 But she shall haue her payment styrk by her syde
 For I shall order her for all her bradlyng
 That she shall repent to go a catter wadlyng
 Why whom wyllt thou beate I say thou knaue
 Who I Tyb/none so god me saue
 Yes I harde the say thou woldest one bete
 Mary wyfe it was stohysse in temmes strete
 A.ii.

Tyb

Jhan

Tyb

Jhan

Whiche wyl be good meate agaynst lent
 Whyttrb what haddest þ thought þ I had ment
 Trb. **M**arry me thought I harde the badwyrng
 Wylt thou neurt leue this badwyrng
 Do we the dyuell dost thou thy selfe kebaue
 Shall we euer haue this worke thou kmaue
 Jhan. **W**hat wylt thou sayst þ was it well gest of me
 That thou woldest be come home in safete
 Assone as I had kendlid a fyre
 Come warme the swete trb I the requyre
 Trb. **O** Johan Johan I am a scard by this lyght
 That I shalbe sore sryk this nyght
 Jhan. **O** by colde soule no we I dare say a swan
 That she comes no we siteright fro sry Johan
 For euer whan she hath fatched of hym a sryk
 Than she comes home and sayth she is sryk
 Trb. **W**hat sayst thou. J. Mary I say
 It is mete for a woman to go play
 Abrode in the to due for an houre or two
 Trb. **W**ell gentylman go to go to
 Jhan. **W**ell let so haue no more debate
 Trb. **I**f he do not fyght chryde and rate
 Draule and fore as one that were frantylke
 There is nothyng that may hym lyke
 Jhan. **I**f that the parryshe priest sry Johan
 Dyd not se her no we and than
 And grue her absolution vpon a bed
 For wo and payne she wolde sone be deed
 Trb. **F**or godde sake Jhan Johan do the not displease
 Many a tyme I am yll at ease
 What thankest no we am not I somewhat sryk
 Jhan. **N**o we wolde to god and swete saynt Dpyrk
 That thou warte in the water vpon to the throte
 Or in a burnyng ouen red hote
 To se and I wolde pull the out
 Trb. **N**o we Johan Johan to put the out of doubt
 Imagyn thou where that I was
 Before I came home. J. My pease
 Thou wast prayenge in the churche of poules
 Vpon thy knees for all chrysten soules
 Trb. **M**ay. J. **T**han if thou wast not so holy
 Shewe me where thou wast and make no lye
 Trb. **T**ruely Johan Johan we made a pye
 I and my gossyp Margery

And our goosly the preest s^r Johan
 And my neybours yongest doughter An
 The preest payde for the stufte and the makynge
 And Margery she payde for the bakynge
 Jhan. **O** By hokk^e lylly wound^e that same is she
 That is the most bewtefulest to Couentre
 Trb. **W**hat say you. J. **M**ary answere me to this
 Is not s^r Johan a good man/yes that he is
 Jhan. **O** Da Trb/ if I shulde not greue the
 I haue somwhat wherof I wolde meue the
 Trb. **W**eill husbände/nowe I do comect
 That thou hast me somwhat in suspect
 But by my soule/ I neuer go to s^r Johan
 But I fynde hym lyke an holy man
 For ether he is sapenge his deuotion
 Or els he is gorynge in p^ression
 Jhan. **Y**ea rounde about the bed doth he go
 you two to gether and no mo
 And for to frysche the p^ression
 He lepech vp and thou lrest do wne
 Trb. **W**hat sayst thou. J. **M**ary I say he doth well
 for so ought a shepherde to do/as I harde tell
 for the saluation of all his folde
 Trb. **J**ohan Johan. What is it that thou wolde
 Trb. **O** By my soule I loue the too too
 And I shall tell the or I further go
 The p^re that was made/ I haue it nowe here
 And therewith I trust we shall make good chere
 Jhan. **O** By hokk^e body that is very happy
 Trb. **B**ut wotest who gaue it. J. **W**hat sh^d druell telk I
 Trb. **O** By my sayth and I shall say trewe than
 The druell take me and it were not s^r Johan
 Jhan. **O** holde the peas wyfe/and were no more
 But I beswre we both your hartes therefore
 Trb. **Y**et yadventure thou hast suspicion
 Of that that was neuer thought nor done
 Tuffe wyfe/let all suche matters be
 I loue the well though thou loue not me
 But this p^re doth nowe catche harme
 Let vs set it vpon the barth to worne
 Trb. **T**han let vs eate it as fast as we can
 But because s^r Johan is so honest a man
 I wolde that he shulde therof eate his part
 Trb. **T**hat were reason I the ensure
 Jhan. **T**han syns that it is thy pleasure

I pray the than go to hym t'night
 And pray hym come sup. With vs to nyght
Jhan. I shall be cu hyther by toke: soule I was a curst
 Whan that I graunted to that worde furst
 But syne I haue sard it. I dare not say nay
 For than my wyfe and I shulde make a fray
 But whan he is come. I swere by godd' mother
 I wold aye the dwell p'one to cary a way p'toether.
Trb. What sayst. Jo. Mary he is my curate I say
 My confessour and my frende al day
 Therefore go thou and seke hym by and by
 And t'yll thou come agayne I w'll kepe the pry
Trb. Shall I go for hym: nay I shal we me than
 So thou and seke as fast as thou can
 And tell hym it. J. Shall I do so
 In faryth it is not mete for me to go
Trb. But thou shalt go tell hym for all that
Jhan. Than shall I tell hym wotest what
 That thou desyrest hym to come make some chere
Trb. Nay that thou desyrest hym to come sup here
Jhan. Nay by the rode wyfe. y' shalt haue the wylfyr
 And the thankes of thy gest that is thy gossyp
Trb. Full ofte I se my husbande w'll me rate
 For this betther conynng of our gentyll curate
Jhan. What sayst Trb. let me here that agayne
Trb. Mary I perceyue very playne
 That thou hast sy: Johan somewhat insuspect
 But by my soule as far as I comect
 He is vertuouse and full of charyte
Jhan. In faryth all the to wne knoweth better that he
 Is a hore monger/a haunter of the stedes
 An p'pocrite/a knaue/that all men refuse
 A lre/a Dretche/a maker of stryfe
 Better than they knowe that thou art my good wyfe
Trb. What is that that thou hast sayde
Jhan. Mary I wolde haue the table set and layde
 In this place or that I care not whether
Trb. Than go to bynge the trestels hyther
Jhan. Ahyde a whyle/let me put of my go wy
 But yet I am asfayde to lay it down
 For I fere it shalbe sone stolen
 And yet it may lye safe ynough vnstolen
 It may lye well here and I lye
 But by colke soule here hath a dogge prst

And if I shulde lay it on the earth bare
 It myght hap to be burned or I were ware
 Therefore I pray you take ye the payne
 To kepe my goode till I come agayne
Jhan. But yet he shall not haue it by my say
 He is so nere the dore he myght run away
 But because that ye be trusty and sure
 Ye shall kepe it and it be your pleasure
 And because it is awayde at the skyr
 Whyle ye do nothyng strape of the drit
Tryb. E lo nowe am I redy to go to syr Johan
 And byd hym come as fast as he can
Jhan. Ye do so without ony taryng
 But I say hark/ thou hast forgot one thyng
 Set vp the table/ and that by and by
 Nowe go thy ways I. **I** go shortly
 But se your candellstyk/ be not out of the way
Tryb. Come agayne and lay the table I say
 What me thynt/ ye haue sone don
Jhan. Nowe I pray god that his malediction
 Lyght on my wyfe/ and on the hawde preest
Tryb. Nowe go thy ways and hys the/ seest
Jhan. I pray to Christ/ if my wyfe be no synne
 That þ preest may bryke his neck/ when he comes in
Tryb. Dow eu agayn. I. What a myschese wyfe þ fole
Tryb. Mary I say brynge hether yender stole
Jhan. Nowe go to/ a lyttell wolde make me
 for to say thus/ a vengauce take the
Tryb. Nowe go to hym and tell hym plarn
 That tyll thou brynge hym / þ wylt not come agayn
Jhan. This pye doth borne here as it doth stande
Tryb. So washe me these two cuppes in my hande
Jhan. I go with a myschese lyght on thy face
Tryb. So and byd hym hys hym a pace
 And the whyle I shall all thynges amende
Jhan. This pye burneth here at this ende
 Understandest thou. **T.** So thy ways I say
Jhan. I wyl go nowe as fast as I may
Tryb. Dow come ones agayne/ I had forgot
 Loke and there be ony ale in the pot
Jhan. Nowe a vengauce and a very myschese
 Lyght on the pylde preest/ and on my wyfe
 On the pot/ the ale/ and on the table
 The candyll/ the pye/ and all the table

- On the trystels and on the stole
 It is moche ado to please a curst sole
- Trb.** **C**Wys thy wyfe no we and tary no more
 for I am a hungred very sore
- Jhan.** **C**Wary I go. **C**T. but come ones agayne yet
 Dyrnge hether that breade lest I forget it
- Jhan.** **C**Wys it were tyme for to toine
 The pre for wys it doth borne
- Trb.** **C**Lorde howe my husbände now doth patter
 and of the pre syl doth clatter
 Go now and byd hym come away
 I have byd the an hundred tymes to day
- Jhan.** **C**I Wyll not grue a strawe I tell you playne
 If that the pre wate colde agayne
- Trb.** **C**What art thou not gone yet out of this place
 I had wemt thou haddest ben come agayne in þ space
 Wut þe cokke soule and I shulde do the ryght
 I shulde beke thy knaues heed to nyght
- Jhan.** **C**Nay than if my wyfe be set a chydng
 It is tyme for me to go at her bydsng
 There is a prouethe/whiche tre we nowe proueth
 He must nedes go that the dyuell dyspueth
CGod mayster curate may I come in
 At your chamber dore without ony syn
CDri Johan the prest.
- C**Who is there nowe that wolde haue me
 What Johan Johan/what nedes with the
- Jhan.** **C**Wary sri to tell you shortly
 My wyfe and I pray you hartely
 And eke desyre you with all our myght
 That ye wolde come and sup with vs to nyght
- sri. J.** **C**Ye must pardon me/in faryth I ne can
- Jhan.** **C**Yes I desyre you good sri Johan
 Take payne this ones/and yet at the lest
 If ye Wyll do nought at my request
 Yet do somwhat for the loue of my wyfe
- sri. J.** **C**I Wyll not go for makng of sityse
 Wut I shall tell the what thou shalte do
 Thou shalt tary and sup with me or thou go
- Jhan.** **C**Wyll ye not go than/why so
 I pray you tell me/is there any dysdayne
 Or ony crumpe betwene you & wayne
- sri. J.** **C**In faryth to tell the betwene the and me
 Dhe is as wyfe a woman as any may be

I know it well/for I haue had the charge
Of her soule/and seerchyd her consciens at large
I neuer kne w her/ but honest and wyse
Without any ruse/ or any trece
Haue one fault/ I know in her no more
And because I rebuke her/ now and then therfore
She is angry With me/ and hath me in hate
And yet that that I do/ I do it for your welth

Jhan. ¶ Now god yeld it pow/ god master curate
And as ye do/ so send you your helth
Wyse I am bound to you a plesure

¶ I. ¶ Yet thou thinkst amys a peradventure
That of her body she shuld not be a good woman
But I shall tell the what I haue done Johan
for that matter/ she and I be somtyme aloft
And I do lye vpon her/ many a tyme and oft
To proue her/ yet could I neuer espy
That euer any dyd wors With her than I

Jhan. ¶ Dr that is the best care I haue of myne
Thankyd be god/ and your good doctryne
But yf it please you/ tell me the matter
And the debate betwene you and her

¶ I. ¶ I shall tell the/ but thou must kepe secret

Jhan. ¶ As for that ¶ I shall not let

¶ I. ¶ I shall tell the now/ the matter plain
She is angry With me/ and hath me in dysdare
Because that I do her oft intyce
To do some penaunce/ after myne adurpse
Because she/ wyll neuer leue her drawlyng
But al way With the/ she is chydnyng and drawlyng
And therfore I knowe/ she hatyth me presens

Jhan. ¶ Nay in good feryth/ sauryng your reuerens

¶ I. ¶ I know very well she hath me in hate

Jhan. ¶ Nay/ I dare swere for her master curate
But was I not a very knaue

I thought surely/ so god me saue
That he had lound my wyse/ for to dysceyne me
And now he quyttyth hym self/ and here I se
He doth as much/ as he may for his lyfe
To stynt the debate/ betwene me and my wyse

¶ I. ¶ If euer she dyd or thought me any ill
Now I forgave her With me fre wyll
Therfore Johan Johan/ now get the home
And thank thy wyse/ and say I wyll not come

Jhan. Yet let me know no good sye Johan
Where ye wyll go to supper than

sr. J. I care not greatly, and I tell the
On saterday last / I and a. or thir
Of my frendes made an appoyntement
And agaynst this nyght we dyd assent
That in a place we wolde sup together
And one of them sayd he wold hyrge idether
Ale and bread, and for my parte I
Hard that I wolde give them a pre
And there I gave them money for the makinge
And an other sayd she wolde pay for the bakynge
And so we purpos to make good chere
For to devour a way care and thoughte

Jhan. Than I pray you sye tell me here
Worthier shoulde all this grece be brought

sr. J. By my faith and I shoulde not lye
It shoulde be despyered to thy wyfe the pre

Jhan. By god it is at my house standyng by the fire

sr. J. Who bespake that pre / I the requyre

Jhan. By my feyth and I shall not lye
It was my wyfe and her goosyn Margerye
And your good masshyr, called sr. Johan
And my neybour's yongest daughter An
Your masshyr payde for the stuffe and makinge
And Margerye she payde for the bakynge

sr. J. If thou wyste have me no we, in faith I wyll go

Jhan. Ye maye I beseeche your masshyr do so
By wyfe laryeth for none but by wayne
She thynketh longe or I come agayne

sr. J. Well no we, if she chyde me in thy presence
I wyll be content and take in payens

Jhan. By colke soule and she ones chyde
Dystryne / or lout / or lout asyde

I shall hyrge you a stasse as myche as I may beure
Than bete her and spare not / I give you good leue
To chastyce her for her shrewde varyng

Trb. The devyll take the for thy longe laryng
Here is not a whet of water by my goddne
To washe our hande / that we myght sye bodney
Go and hys the as fast as a snayle
And with fayre water syll me this payle

Jhan. I thanke our lord of his good grace
That I cannot rest longe in a place

Tryb. **W**ho fetcheth water I say at a word
 for it is tyme the ppe were on the borde
 And go with a vengeance / I say thou art playde
sr. J. **A** good gossip / is that well sayde
Tryb. **W**elcome myn owne swete harte
 We shall make some chere or we departe
Jhan. **C**okk soule / loke howe he approacheth nere
 Unto my wyfe / this abateth my chere
sr. J. **W**hy god I wolde ye had harde the trespas
 The tops / the molkes / the fables / and the nysses
 That I made thy husbade to beleue and thynke
 Thou myghtest as well mto the erthe synke
 As thou couldest forbeare laughing any whyle
Tryb. **I** pray the let me here parte of that wyle
sr. J. **M**ary I shall tell the as fast as I can
 But pease no more / yonder cometh thy good man
Jhan. **C**okk soule / what haue we here
 As far as I sawe / he drew very nere
 Unto my wyfe / **T.** What art come so sone
 Spue vs water to wasshe no we / haue done
Than he byngeth the palle empty
Jhan. **W**hy hockes soule it was euen no we full to þ bynk
 But it was out agayne or I coude thynke
 Wherof I marvelled by god almyght
 And than I loked betwene me and the light
 And I spyed a cyste / bothe large and wyde
 Lo wyfe / here it is on the tone syde
tryb. **W**hy dost not stop it. **J.** **W**hy howe shall I do it
tryb. **T**ake a litle wax. **J.** **W**owe what I come to it
sr. J. **M**ary here be ii. wax candels I say
 Whiche my gossip margery gaue me yester day
Tryb. **T**uffe let hym alone / for by the rode
 It is ppe to helpe hym or do hym good
sr. J. **W**hat Jhan Jhan / canst thou make no cyste
 Take this waxe and stop ther with the cyste
Jhan. **T**his waxe is as harde as any wyre
Tryb. **T**hou must chase it a litle at the fyre
Jhan. **S**hep broughte the these waxe candelles I say
 She is a good companion certayn
Tryb. **W**hat was it not my gossip margery
sr. J. **Y**es she is a blessed woman surely
tryb. **N**owe wolde god I were as good as she
 for she is virtuous and full of charite
Jhan. **N**owe so god helpe me / and by my holydome

He is the errant hau I her bene this and Rome
Trb. What sayst. **J.** What I chase the War
 And I chase it so hard, that my fingers krakke
 But take vp this py, that I here coue
 And it stand long, & dynt a dynt borne
Trb. Te but thou must chese the War I say
Johā. Dyd hym srt do yn I the piap
 Dyd do yn good srt. **Johā.** I rou requyre
Trb. **G.** I say and chase the War by the frye
 Whyle that we sup. **Johā.** and **J.**
Johā. And how now. What dyll ye do with the py
 Shall I not ete therof, o mysell
Trb. **G.** and chase the War. Whyle thou art well
 And let vs haue no more prating thus
Johā. **J.** Benedicite. **J.** **D.** **Johā.**
Trb. Now go chase the War with a myschyse
Johā. What I come to blesse the boud swete wyse
 It is my custome now and then
 Wych good do it pou, master **Johā.**
Trb. **G.** chase the War, and here no senger tarp
Johā. And is not this a very put gatour
 To se folk ete, and may not ete a frye
 Or koke soule. I am a very wodeok
 This parle here, now a vengaunder take it
 Now my wyse gyueth me a proude mak
Trb. What dost. **J.** What I chase the War here
 And I ymagyn to make you good chere
 That a vengaunder take you, both as ye srt
Johā. I know well, I shall not ete a frye
 But yet in seyth, yf I myght ete our mysell
 I wos I taryk the matter very well
Johā. **J.** **G.** **Johā.** **Johā.** now mych good do it pou
 What chere make you there by the frye
Johā. **G.** Master pson, I thank pou now
 I fare well now, after myne own desyre
Johā. **J.** What dost **Johā.** **Johā.** I the requyre
Johā. I chase the War here by the frye
Trb. **G.** Here is good drynk, and here is a good py
Johā. **J.** We sere very well, thankyd be our lady
Trb. **G.** Loke how the kobold chaseth the War that is hard
 And for his lyfe, daryth not loke heither War
Johā. **J.** What doth my gossyp. **J.** I chase the War
 And I chase it so hard, that my fingers krakke
 And chese swete, putteth out my eyes two

I bushe my face/ and ray my clothes also
And yet I dare nat say ore word

Tryb. And ther fyr laughrag/ render at the bot
Now by my trowth/ it is a prier Tape
for a wfe/ to make her husband her ape
Loke of Ihan Ihan/ which maketh hard shifte
To chase the wax/ to stop ther with the cyst

Ihan. Eyr that a vengeaunce/ take ye both I do
With hym and the/ and the and hym also
And that ye may choke/ with the same mete
At the furst mactell/ that ye do ere

Tryb. Of what thyng now dost thou clatter
Ihan Ihan/ or: wher of dost thou patter

Ihan. I chase the wax/ and make hard shifte
To stop her with/ of the payll the cyst

sp. J. Comust he do Ihan Ihan/ by my sather kyn
That is bound of w-dlok in the roke

Ihan. Loke how the peld preeft crammyth in
That wold to god/ he myght ther with choke

Tryb. Now master pson/ pleasyth your goodnes
To tell vs some tale/ of myrrh or: sadnes
for our pastyme/ in day of commynycacyn

sp. J. I am content to do it/ for our re-reacyn
And of m. myracles I shall to you say

Ihan. What/ must I chase the wax all day
And stond here/ rostrng by the frye

sp. J. Thou must do somwhat at thy wyues desire

I know a man which weddyd had a wyfe
As farre a woman/ as euer here lyfe
And within a senyght after/ ryght sone
He went beand se/ and left her alone
And tarred there/ about a. vii. yere
And as he cam home ward/ he had a heur chere
for it was told hym/ that she was in heuen
But when that he comen home agayn was
He found his wyfe/ and with her chyldren seven
Whiche she had had/ in the mene space
Yet had she not had/ so many by thre
Yf she had not had the help of me

Is not this a myracle/ yf euer were any
That this good wyfe/ shuld haue chyldren so many
Were in this to wn/ whyle her husband shuld be
Verand the se/ in a farre contrre

Ihan. Now in good for/ this is a wonderous myracle

But for your labour, I wolde that your tale
Were in a shaldring water well sold

Trb. O praye I say thou tellest the wonder of god
fr. J. Can other miracle be I shall you say

Of a woman, which she many a day
Had been wedded, and in all that season
She had no childe, neither daughter nor son
Wherefore to serve God with she went on pilgrimage
And offered there a shilling as is the usage

Of the Priests that in London dwell
And within the terme therof, truly to tell
Within a month after the feast of Michaelmas
She was delivered of a childe as moche as I

Jhan. Yes in good soth fr. it is marvellous
But successe after myn opinion

That childe was neither daughter nor son
For certainly and I be not beggar
She was delivered of a true childe

Trb. O praye I say for gods passion
Thou tellest fr. Johans commendation

fr. J. The childe my tale allow is this
I knowe be a nother woman the wife
Which was wedded within 8. monthes after
She was delivered of a sonne daughter
As well formed in every membre as worm
And as perfect in every poynt
As though she had gone 8. monthes full to the end
Lo here is 8. monthes of advantage

Jhan. A wonderful miracle so god me mende
I wolde reche wyfe that is bounde in marriage
And that is wedded here within this place
Myght have as quicke speede in every such case

Trb. Forsooth fr. Johan, yet for all that
I have sene the day that was my cat
Hath had in a yere kynne as many

Jhan. O yet my wyfe, and that have I sene
But howe say you fr. Jhan, was it good your pryce
The dyuel the mo: sell that therof eate I
By the good lord this is a pryceous warke
But nowe I se well the olde proverbe is true
The partye prest forgetteth y euer he was clerke
But fr. Jhan doth not remember you
God I was your clerke, I hope you masse to sing

And byrde the basyn at way at the offring
Ye neuer had halfe so good a clathe as I
But not withstanding all this nowe out pry
Is eaten vp/there is not left a bryt
And you two together there do fry
Eatinge and drynkyng at your owne desire
And I am Iohan Ihan/ Which must stide by þe frye
Chasyng the Ware/ and dare none other Wyse do

Sr. J. And shall we at way fry here stryde we two
þe Wyse to mych. T. Then ryse we out of this place

Sr. J. And lye me than in the stede of grace
And fare well to man and my loue so dere

Ihan. E Colke body this Ware it Warte coudre agayn here
But what shall I anone go to bed
And eate nothyng nother meate nor brede
I haue not be wont to haue suche fore

Trb. Why were ye not secued there as ye are
Chasyng the Ware/standing by the frye

Ihan. Why what mete gaue yeme/ I foure requyre

Sr. J. Wast thou not secued/ I pray the better
Both was the brede/ the ale/ and the pry

Ihan. No sr. I had none of that fare

Trb. Why were ye not secued there as ye are
Standing by the frye chasyng the Ware

Ihan. E lo here be many tryfles and knakke

By kolke soule they were I am other delycious

Trb. And had ye no meate Iohan Iohanna

Ihan. No trb my Wyse/ I had not a Wbryt

Trb. What not a morsell. J. No not one bryt
for longer I trowe I shall fall in a sowe

Sr. J. O that were pryte/ I swere by my crosse

Trb. But is it trowe. J. Ye for a surete

Trb. Dost thou ly. J. No so mote I be

Trb. Wast thou had nothyng. J. No not a bryt

Trb. Wast thou not dronke. J. No not a Wbryt

Trb. Where wast thou. J. By the frye I trowe/ ande

Trb. What drydest. J. I chased this Ware in my hande
Where as I kne we of wedded men the payne
That they haue/ and yet dare not complaine
for the smoke/ put out my eyes I do

I burned my face/ and rayde my clothes also
Wending the papie/ whiche is so rotten and olde

That it wyll not stam together holde

And syth it is so/ and syne that ye wayn

Wold gyue me no meate / for my suff'rance
By both soule I wyl take no lenger payn
Ye shall do all your self / With a very vengeance
For me / and take thou there thy paye now
And if thou canst mend it let me se how

Trb. **E**A boyson knowe hast thou brok my paye
Thou shalt repent / by both sylly paye
Reche me my drifas / or my clyppynge sherte
I shall make the blood come about his eyre

Jhan. **N**ay stand styll drab / I say and come no nere
For by both blood / if thou come here
O: if thou onys sty / to ward this place
I shall throw this shouyl full of colys in thy face

Trb. **T**he boyson dyspyll / get the out of my doore

Jhan. **N**ay get thy out of my house / thou priest' boie

Trb. **T**hou lrest boyson kokold / curn to thy face

Jhan. **A**nd thou lrest pyld priest / With an rusll grace

Trb. **A**nd þ lrest. **J.** **A**s þ lrest. **Trb.** **A**s þ lrest agayn

Jhan. **B**y both soule boyson priest / thou shalt be slayn
Thou hast eate our ppe / and gyue me nought
By both blood it shall be full detely bought

Trb. **A**t hym syr Johan / or els god gyue the sorow

Jhan. **E**t haue at your hore a thete / saynt george to bowe
Dete they fght by the eyre a whyle a than
the priest and the wyfe go out of the place.

Jhan. **E**t syr I haue payd some of them euen as I lrest
They haue borne many a blow With my sylly
I thank god / I haue walsyd them well
And dyspyen them hene / but yet can ye tell
Whether they be go / for by god I see me
That they be gon together he and she
Wnto his chamber / and perchappys se by
Hyte of my hart / tarp there sylly
And peradventure / there he and she
Wyl make me cokold / curn to anger me
And then has I a ppg / in the boyris payre
Therefore by god / I wyl bre me thy det
To se if they do me any dylap
And thus face well this noble company.

Exe.

Imprented by Wyllyam Rastell / the .xii. day of
February the yere of our lord .M. cccc. and .xxiii.

Cony priuilegio.

Of Gentylnes & Nobyltye

A dyaloge betwen the marchaunt the knyght & the plowman dysputyng who is a bette gentylman & who is a noble man and how men shuld come to auctoryte/compiled in maner of an enterlude with diuers toys & gestis addyd thereto to make mery pastyme and disport.

The marchaunt

What a gret welth and prosperyte
It is to any reime where marchauntes be
Hauyng fre lyberte and entercours also
All marchaundysse to couey to and fro
Whych thyng I haue vsyd & the bette set found
And thereby gotten many a thousand pound
Wherfore now be cause of my grette ryches
Thorough out this land in euery place doutles
I am magnifyed & gretly regardyd
And for a wyse and noble man esteemyd

The knyght

Maister marchaunt I here you ryght well
But now in presumption me thynk ye excell
To call your self noble in presence here
I wys men know what your auncestours were
And of what grette stok descendid ye be
Your ladye was but a blake smyth perde

March.
Knyght

Why for what than what be you I pray y ou
Marry I am a gentylman I wold ye knew
And may dyspend yerely. v. C. mark land
And I am sure all that ye haue in hand
Of yerely rent is not worth. v markys

M

But I wold thou knewst it for all thy brakhys
I am able to bye now all the land
That thou hast and pay for it out of hand